AN

ESSAY

ON

HUMAN LIFE,

By the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lord PAGETT.

Sapientia prima eſt
Stultitia caruiſſe. HOR.

Sed nullo thure litabis,
Hereat in ſtultis brevis ut ſemuncia recti,
PERS. Sat. V.

The FOURTH EDITION.

Corrected and much enlarg'd by the AUTHOR.

STAFFORD:

Printed by S. BODEN, in the *Market place.*

MDCCLXXIX.

15464.16.23
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
THE GIFT OF
FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY
Mar 20, 1931

AN

ESSAY

ON

HUMAN LIFE.

PLEASURE but cheats us with an empty name,
Still ſeems to vary, yet is ſtill the ſame;
Amuſement's all it's utmoſt ſkill can boaſt,
By uſe it leſſens, and in thought is loſt.
The youth that riots and the age that hoards,
Folly that ſacrifices things to words;
Pride, wit, and beauty in one taſte agree,
'Tis ſenſual, or 'tis mental luxury. Sad

Sad ſtate of nature, doom'd to fruitleſs pain,
Something to wiſh and want, but never gain.
Reſtleſs we live, and diſappointed die,
Unhappy, tho' we know not how nor why.

Reaſon, perhaps may lend her generous aid;
Reaſon, which never yet her truſt betray'd;
Let her direct us in the doubtful ſtrife,
Let her conduct us thro' the maze of life.
Is human reaſon then from weakneſs free?
Partakes ſhe not of our infirmity?
Can ſhe apply with never-failing Art,
The healing balſam to the wounded part?
Correct thoſe errors, which the paſſions cauſe,
And teach the will to follow wiſdom's laws?
Alas! experience but too plainly ſhews
That man can act againſt the truths he knows:

By

By cuſtoms led, or by allurements won,
Diſcern that Evil which he cannot ſhun.
Whate'er we do the motive's much the ſame,
'Tis impulſe governs under reaſon's name;
Each eagerly ſome fav'rite End purſues,
And diff'rent tempers furniſh diff'rent views.

Is it for fear of wrong, or love of right,
That ſtateſmen labour, or that warriors fight?
T' enrich his country, does the ſailor brave
The cruel pirate, and the threatning wave?
In ſearch of truth, unwearied ſages try,
By certain rules, to fix uncertainty?
No! 'tis deſire and hope that drive them on:
Thus greateſt things for meaneſt ends are done.

Self-love, howe'er diſguis'd, miſunderſtood,
Howe'er miſplac'd, is ſtill the ſov'reign good;

Virtue

Virtue or wiſdom but the vain pretence,
Theſe may direct, but paſſions influence.
Preſumptuous man! why boaſts thou thy free [will,
By conſtitution doom'd to good or ill?
What feeble checks are all thoſe ſtudied rules,
Unpractis'd leſſons of the uſeleſs ſchools?
Say, can thy art oppos'd to nature's force
Obſtruct her motions, or ſuſpend her courſe?
Go, change in *Africa* their ſable Hue,
Or make our Europe bring her Negroes too;
Roll back the tides, forbid the ſtreams to flow,
Nor let this earth returning ſeaſons know.
Slave to thyſelf, whilſt lord of all beſide,
Surmount thy weakneſs, or renounce thy pride

That moving pow'r which firſt produc'd the [whole,
To ev'ry thing has fix'd a certain goal:

Thither all tend and muſt their circles run,
For ſuch the order when the whole begun,
To diff'rent creatures, diff'rent ranks aſſign'd
Man claims the firſt, as of a nobler kind;
How juſt that claim, what wiſdom muſt decide
Reaſon is his alone, by which 'tis try'd.
Inferior creatures ſilently ſubmit,
'Tis his to talk, and therefore to have wit.
Thus haughty *Greece* with pity view'd mankind
She only ſaw, whilſt all the reſt were blind.

Look o'er the wide creation, ſee how all
Its ſeveral parts obey the maker's call:
The earth how fertile, and how rich the ſea,
In various ſalts, for nature's chymiſtry?
How air digeſts, what burning Suns exhale,
And dews, and ſnows, and rains by turns preva

Beaſts, birds, and reptiles, ſee 'em all conſpire,
To act whate'er their ſeveral ſtates require,
But wiſer man diſdains this meaner part,
Nature with him muſt ſtill give way to art;
Vain of conceit he boaſts his fancy'd ſkill,
And, arbitrary rules, the world at will:
Now fierce and cruel, then as mild and kind,
Each action owing to each turn of mind;
One day a friend, the next as great a foe,
As humour, pique, caprice, or Int'reſts go;
Wiſdom and folly thus by turns preſide,
And chance alone inclines to either ſide.

Aſk the bold freeman, or the coward ſlave
What makes one abject, and the other brave?
What gives to fools their faith, to knaves their wiles,
To Cynicks ſow'rneſs, and to flatt'rers ſmiles?

This one great truth muſt ſtand by all confeſt,
Some ruling paſſion lurks in ev'ry breaſt;
That weakneſs by a ſpecious name they call,
But 'tis that weakneſs ſtill which governs all.

Wiſely the ſprings of action we conceal,
Thus ſordidneſs is prudence, fury zeal;
Ambition makes the public good her care,
And hypocrites the maſk of ſaintſhip wear.

Inur'd to falſhood, we ourſelves deceive,
Oft what we wiſh, we fancy, we believe;
We call that judgment which is only will,
And as we act, we learn to argue ill;
Like bigots, who their various creeds defend
By making reaſon ſtill to ſyſtem bend.

Cuſtoms or Int'reſts govern all mankind,
Some biaſs cleaves to the unguarded mind;

Thro'

Thro' this, as in a falſe or flatt'ring glaſs
Things ſeem to change their natures as they paſs.
Objects the ſame in diff'rent lights appear,
And but the colours which we give 'em wear.
Error and fraud from this great ſource ariſe,
All Fools are modiſh, and all knaves are wiſe.
Who does not boaſt ſome merit of his own,
Tho' to himſelf perhaps 'tis only known?
Each ſuits rewards to his own fav'rite vice,
Pride has its crowns, and luſt its paradiſe:
Bonze, prieſt, and derviſe, all in this agree,
That heaven muſt be pomp or luxury;
Man, ſlave to ſenſe, no higher bliſs can know,
Still meaſures things above, by things below,
Joys much the ſame, but differ in degree,
As time enlarg'd becomes eternity.

How

How vain is all that ſcience we purſue!
Scorn'd by the many, uſeleſs to the few:
Since ſhort of truth our utmoſt labours end,
Who knows but ign'rance is our greateſt friend?
The fruitleſs pains but ſhew the weakneſs more
And we, like miſers, 'midſt our wealth are poor.
Much hoarded learning but like lumber lies,
Or ends in gueſs-work and obſcurities.

What tho' proud *Greece* her ſeven **Sages* boaſt?
The names alone remain, the race is loſt.
Satyrs, and *Centaurs* too, might live of old,
(For ſo we are in ancient ſtory told)
But ſhou'd we doubt in this our faithleſs age;
Who can produce a *Centaur* or a *Sage?*
Such mighty births where nature's firſt eſſays,
The luſty offspring of her youthful days;

* *Rari quippe boni, numero vix ſunt totidem, quot Thebarum Portæ, vel divitis oſtia Nili.* JUVEN. Sat. 13.

Our

Our later times can no ſuch wonders ſhew,
But what were *Giants* then, are *Pigmies* now.

Of all the painful follies of mankind,
Still to be ſeeking what they ne'er muſt find,
Is ſure the greateſt, not unlike the toil,
Of him who labours in a barren ſoil.
Beyond our ſtate if our fond wiſhes tend,
Means muſt be vain where we miſtake the end.
Pride whiſpers mighty projects in the ear,
Bids us be great, be wiſe, be happy here:
But ſad experience ſhews the laws of fate,
And teaches us to know ourſelves too late.

Error is a diſtemper of the mind,
Hard to be cur'd, becauſe 'tis hard to find;
So mixt and blended with our very frame,
It lurks ſecure, and borrows reaſon's name.

In diff'rent perſons diff'rent ways it ſprings,
'Tis factiouſneſs in ſubjects, pride in kings;
Boundleſs alike, they in extremes agree,
Theſe in oppreſſion, thoſe in anarchy;
Both aim at what 'tis ruin to obtain,
A civil Frenzy, or a tyrant reign.

The wiſe muſt into nature's ſecrets pry,
The weak believe they know not what nor why?
And we may equally deluded call,
Who doubt of nothing as who doubt of all.
Profane or pious, bigotry's the ſame,
The motive's terror, avarice, or fame,
Opinion is but Int'reſt in diſguiſe,
And right or wrong in ſtrength of parties lies.

Some

Some wou'd be happy, know nor want nor
care,
Others ſtill find more evils than there are;
Whilſt truth unheeded in the midway lies,
And all extremes are like abſurdities.

Wrong turns of head are nature's greateſt
curſe,
Improving ev'ry day from bad to worſe.
In ſome odd light all objects ſtill they view,
Thus true with them is falſe, and falſe is true.
In trifles ſolemn, diligent and wiſe,
Important things as trifles they deſpiſe;
Careſſing enemies, their friends they ſhun,
And doat on knaves, by whom they are undone.
Deaf to advice, or taking wrong for right,
They boldly blunder on in reaſon's ſpite;

And under clearer light's obſcure pretence
Live the Antipodes of common ſenſe.

Wou'd you perſuade a wretch intent on pelf,
Tho' he ſtarves others, not to ſtarve himſelf;
To fence, at leaſt, his ſapleſs trunk from cold,
Nor ſeem as fond of tatters as of gold;
No! he's too cunning for your fly deſign,
You'd have him like yourſelf, be poor and fine;
But he in ſpite of envy richer grows,
And ſcorns the luxury of meat and cloaths.
Aſk the ambitious why he waſtes his life
In needleſs ſtruggles and uncertain ſtrife?
Why not in peace enjoy what plenty gives?
So the obſcure, the weak, the lazy lives;
Exalted ſpirits have a nobler aim,
And know no happineſs but toil and fame.

Well!

Well! muſt it ſuit a ſelfiſh hollow heart,
To act the honeſt patriot's gen'rous part:
No tool of party, nor no ſlave of ſtate,
No mean dependant on the guilty great;
Boldly he pleads for liberty and laws,
Content to periſh in his country's cauſe;
When lo! a ray divine of favour gleams,
Quite diff'rent topicks then become his themes,
Old friends, old notions are at once forgot,
And ſhame and wages are the hireling's lot.

The little mind, whoſe joy in miſchief lies,
Hates all mankind, but moſt the good and wiſe;
Proud of his ſhame, he boaſts his ſpiteful ſkill,
And places all his worth in doing ill.
But baſe-born fear oft checks what rage deviſ'd,
And leaves him diſappointed and deſpiſ'd.

Endleſs

Endleſs the taſk to point the various ways,
How each wrong head its diff'rent gifts diſplays
How poverty in boaſts its wants would hide,
And meanneſs ſhews itſelf in awkward pride;
How knaves are cunning at their own expence,
And coxcombs fancy forwardneſs is ſenſe.
Vain is th' attempt to be what heaven denies,
As vain the art that weakneſs to diſguiſe,
Prudence alone can teach the uſeful ſkill,
T'mprove the good, and to correct the ill.
True wiſdom lies in practice more than rules,
For what are maxims when apply'd to fools?
A head right judging, and a heart ſincere,
The purpoſe honeſt, as the reas'ning clear;
This is true worth, the reſt is all pretence,
Good parts are dangerous things without good ſenſe.
Of wit and folly reaſon all you can,
Who acts moſt wiſely is the wiſeſt man. Each

Each ſtate of life has its peculiar view,
Alike in each there is a falſe and true:
This point to fix is reaſon's uſe and end,
On this ſucceſs all other muſt depend;
But in this point no error can be ſmall,
To deviate e'er ſo little, ruins all.
The mark once miſs'd, however near you aim,
Miſs'd by an inch or furlong, 'tis the ſame;
Who ſets out wrong is more than half undone;
Error has many ways, and truth but one.

Wrong eſtimates wrong conduct muſt produce
They loſe the bleſſing that miſtake its uſe:
Who value wealth or pow'r but more or leſs,
As that can riot, or as this oppreſs;
What ſay they elſe but that they both are given
To execute the wrath of angry heaven?

Fools ever vain at ſome diſtinction aim,
And fancy madneſs is the way to fame:
No matter how the deathleſs name's acquir'd,
By countries ravag'd, or a *temple fir'd;
Alike tranſmitted down to lateſt times,
A *Trajan*'s virtues, and a *Nero*'s crimes.
Means are indiff'rent ſo the end's obtain'd:
†*Richard* was guilty, but what then? he reign'd.
Wou'd you be good and great, the hope is vain.
The buſ'neſs is not to deſerve, but gain:
Fortune is fickle, and but ſhort her ſtay,
He comes too late that takes the fartheſt way.
Is this, oh grandeur! then thy envy'd ſtate,
To raiſe mens wonder and provoke their hate?

* *Eroſtratus*, a very obſcure man ſet fire to the temple of *Diana* at *Epheſus*, in order to immortalize his name, and has ſucceeded in it, in ſpite of all endeavours to the contrary.

† *Richard* the uſurper.

By

By crimes procur'd, and then in fear enjoy'd,
By mobs applauded, and by mobs deſtroy'd.
Say, mighty cunning! which deſerve the prize,
The courtiers promiſes, or traders lies?
Some ſhort-liv'd profit all the pains rewards
Of bankrupt dealers, and of perjur'd Lords.

Honeſt alike you own, but wiſer far,
The knave upon the bench than at the bar:
Where lies the diff'rence? only in degree,
And higher rank is greater infamy.
Poor rogues in chains but dangle to the wind,
Whilſt rich ones live the terror of mankind.

Pomp, pow'r and riches, all mere trifles are,
When purchas'd by the loſs of character.
Chance may the wiſe betray, the brave defeat,
But they correct, or are above the fate.

Credit once loſt can never be retriev'd,
How few will truſt the man who once deceiv'd?
Craft like the mole, works only under ground,
Is loſt in day-light, and deſtroy'd when found.

Notions miſtaken, reas'nings ill apply'd,
And ſophiſms that conclude on either ſide;
Alike th' unwary, and the weak, miſlead,
Who judge of men and things, as each ſucceed.
Did *rivals fall by *Borgia*'s vile deceit,
A †*Machiavel* will call a *Borgia* great;
The lucky cheat proclaims the villain wiſe,
And fraud and murther are but policies.
The ſame deſpair which made good *Cato* die,
To *Cæſar* gave his laſt great ‡victory.

* The *Vitelli* and *Orſini* baſely betray'd and murder'd by order of the Duke of *Valentinois*.
† *Il Princip*. Cap. vii.
‡ The battle of *Munda* againſt *Pompey*'s Son.

Had

Had right decided, and not Fate, the cauſe,
Rome had preſerv'd her *Cato*, and her laws.
Fortune ſets off the bad, as tawdry dreſs,
Shews but the more the wearer's homelineſs.
So mad *Caligula*'s* vain triumph tells,
That all his conqueſts are but cockle ſhells.
True merit ſhines in native ſplendor bright,
Whilſt falſe but glares awhile and hurts the ſight;
As midnight vapours caſt a glimm'ring blaze,
And to the darkneſs owe their feeble rays.
The wiſe †*Egyptians* when their monarch dy'd,
By truth's ſure ſtandard all his actions try'd.
When no falſe luſtre, wealth or pow'r appears
To biaſs judgment by its hopes or fears;

**Caligula* drew up his army in battle array on the coaſt, and then ordered them to gather ſhells, for which great exploit, he returned to *Rome* in triumph. See *Suetonius*.
† See *Diodorus Siculus* in the Firſt Book.

Then conq'ring chiefs profuſe of ſubjects blood,
And lazy dotards indolently good;
That truſt their people to a fav'rite's care,
Whoſe peaceful rapines coſt 'em more than war,
By injur'd thouſands wrongs are deem'd to be
Perpetual marks of ſcorn and infamy.

Fortune with fools, and wit with knaves you find,
'Tis ſocial virtue ſhews the noble mind.
Above low wiſdom cunning's mean pretence,
There is no counterfeiting excellence:
The artful head may act the honeſt part,
But all true honour riſes from the heart.

Which ſerv'd his country beſt, let ſtory ſhew,
A guilty *Clodius* or good *Cicero?*

Faults

Faults are in all; but here the diff'rence lies,
Clodius had vices, *Tully* vanities.
Who loves mankind by ſocial duty taught,
Will never think their good too dearly bought
What tho' he ſacrifice the vain deſire
Of ſome gay bawbles, which the world admire,
Deſpiſing riches and abhorring pow'r
When blaſted with the name of plunderer?
Still he may taſte life's greateſt good, content:
For who ſo happy as the innocent?

Jugurtha* murder'd, brib'd, and fought his way,
from ſubject ſtation to imperial ſway;
But inſecure 'midſt all his guilty ſtate,
The man was wretched, tho the monarch great:

*King of *Numidia*, famous for his wars with the *Romans*, remarkable for his bravery and his crimes.

Like *Cromwell* daring in the doubtful fight,
But † pale and trembling in the dead of night.

Paſſion is lawleſs, headſtrong youth is mad,
But nature varies not in good and bad,
from the ſame cauſes ſame effects muſt flow,
Truth is but what it was an age ago:
Modes may be chang'd, but truths are ſtubborn things,
They court not fav'rites, nor will flatter kings.

Rome had her *Cæſar*, and our *Cromwell* we,
Alike in fortune, pow'r and infamy;
And ſhou'd new *Cæſars* and new *Cromwells* riſe,
They could but act the ſame dull trajedies:

† Sall. Bell. Jugur. *Neque poſt id locorum Jugurthæ dies aut nox ulla quieta fuit: Neque loco, neque mortali cuiquam aut tempori ſatis credere:——Alio atque alio loco ſæpe contra decus regium noctu requieſcere——*

Clarendon Hiſt. Rebell. Of *Cromwell* he ſays, he was not eaſy of acceſs, nor ſo much as ſeen abroad, and ſeemed to be in ſome diſorder when his eyes found any ſtranger in the room, *&c.* rarely lodg'd two nights in one chamber, *&c.*

Foes

Foes to mankind, themſelves, and virtues rules
Whilſt living, heroes, and when dead but fools.

Fools not to know, the glory they purſue.
To honeſt bravery alone is due:
Not he who ſtretches his unjuſt command,
And rudely triumphs o'er his native land;
But he whoſe valour ſaves a ſinking ſtate,
In future annals ſhall be call'd the great.

View well this world, and own the dear-bought truth,
That happineſs is but the dream of youth:
State of perfection, not for man deſign'd
Howe'er the fond idea fills his mind;
Itſelf an evil, whilſt to good it tends,
But in a round of diſappointment ends.
Man's ſtate in life's uncertain, mixt at beſt,
Conduct ſome little does, but fate the reſt:

Fantaſtick

Fantaſtick fate to merit ever blind,
Whilſt laviſh to the worſt of human kind:
By *Roman* hands, how elſe could * *Cicero* fall?
Or *Carthage* † baniſh her own *Hannibal?*
But *Cleopatra*, 'ſpite of ſcorn and hate,
Live to compleat the ruin of her ſtate?

Judge then by outward things, you're ſure to err,
And inward lie remote, few look ſo far.
Appearances ſtill guide, and ſtill deceive,
For giddy crowds muſt wonder and believe.

Who ſees gay *Codrus* loll in gilt machine,
Grand his attendance and ſelf-pleas'd his mien:

* *Et ſua mortifera eſt facundia.* Juv. Sat. 10.

† *Eutropius* ſays L. 4. *Huic Antiocho Annibal ſe junxerat, Carthaginem patriam ſuam, ne* Romanis traderetur, *relinquens.* Such ingratitude would ſeem incredible, did not every age produce inſtances of much the ſame kind, where the talents of truly great men are render'd uſeleſs to their country by the jealouſies, low intereſts, and artifices of Little Ones,

Can

Can he imagine all theſe trappings hide
A wretch made up of folly, guilt, and pride?
Greedy to get as hes profuſe to ſpend,
Stiff when attended, ſervile to attend;
Good but by accident, by habit bad,
In reas'ning ſpecious, and in acting mad.

Princes we blame for benefits miſplac'd,
Some ill man rais'd, perhaps ſome good diſgrac'd:
Cruel their lot! whom numbers join to blind,
How hard thro' labyrinths the way to find!
But fortune's ſons we ſee without ſurprize,
Thrive by miſmanagements, by blunders riſe;
Events like atoms jumbling in a dance,
Create theſe wonders like a world by chance.

Search time's records, compare the old and new,
Set diſtant ages in one point of view; Still

Still the ſame proſpects, under diff'rent dates
All dark decrees of over-ruling fates;
Madneſs ſucceeds, where cautious wiſdom fail
And hiſtory often ſeems like *fairy-tales:
Reaſon but ſeeks the hidden clue in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in th' entangled ſcane.

Where then the wonder, if ſucceeding time
Still vary only in the kinds of crimes?
Ages of iron, ſilver, gold or lead,
What are they but the emblems of the dead
The ſame low ends by diff'rent means obtain'd
As Fury, avarice or folly reign'd.

In vain grave moraliſts with ſpecious ſkill
Nicely diſtinguiſh actions good and ill.

* Such are the accounts we have of *Alexander* amongſt the ancient *Scanderbeg* amongſt the moderns, and *Meriveis* and *Couli-can* in our Times.

Th

The world is led by much more eaſy rules,
Succeſs determines who are wiſe or fools.
Cauſes lie hid, but their effects appear,
Few men can judge, but all can ſee and hear.
Gold, gems and purple charm alike the eye
Worn by *Octavius* or *Anthony*;
His right they were to whom by lot they fell,
And *Actium* the deciſive oracle:
Corrupted legions *Jove*'s vicegerent name,
And ſervile ſenates own the righteous claim.

Each age muſt truckle to the reigning modes
And worſhip devils when they make them gods;
All rapine, induſtry, diſtraction ſenſe,
And ſtupid ſquand'ring magnificence:
No folly, crime, or whim too wild to be
Admir'd when dreſt in faſhion's livery.

Faſhion,

Faſhion whoſe ſtrong, magnetic power o'er rule
And ever muſt attract the lead of fools;
Her riſe uncertain, but her progreſs ſure,
Wiſdom itſelf knows no ſpecific cure:
Wits, heroes, ſtateſmen, monarchs all muſt ow
They owe their merit oft to her alone,
And whilſt the epidemick fit prevails,
No fop, no blockhead, nor no villain fails.
See the ſame notions variouſly receiv'd,
Legends impoſtures every thing believ'd;
See prieſts and tyrants full obedience find,
And ſacred gibberiſh enſlave mankind.
View next with wonder, an extreme as odd,
Who knel't to images denies a God.
Wretches from chains and bondage juſt ſet fre
Preſumptuous! know no bounds of liberty.

Wicke

Wicked or pious, in a frantick way,
Mad, they blaſpheme, or ſuperſtitious pray.

By chance we live and act, now right now wrong,
Both in exceſs and therefore neither long:
Virtues too rigid ſoften by degrees,
Confine themſelves at firſt to policies;
When once declining ſwiftly downwards tend,
And then in guilt and proſtitutions end,
Follies tho' oppoſite, yet ſtill combine
And jointly carry on heav'ns great deſign.
Changes of manners change of empire cauſe,
States ſink by licence as they roſe by laws;
Thus human things their ſtated circles run,
Who flouriſh one age are the next undone.

Virtue alone, unchangeable and wiſe
Secure above the reach of fortune lies: Tho'

Tho' doom'd to meanneſs poverty or ſcorn;
Whilſt fools and tyrants are to empire born:
Bleſt in an humble but a peaceful ſtate,
She feels no envy, and ſhe fears no hate:
With ſtoick calmneſs views life's empty round,
Where good is ſparing ſown, but ills abound.

F I N I S.

VERSES wrote by the ſame Nobleman in a *Fit of the Gout*, January 7, 1741-2, three Days before he died.

CRUEL Sciatic Torment of my Life,
Worſe than a Spendthrift-heir, or croſs-grain'd Wife,
How cam'ſt thou thus unluckily to me?
Who never famous was for cruelty,
I wrong'd no Orphan, I betray'd no Friend,
Nor did my Days in noiſy Riot ſpend;
Faults, I have many, that I don't deny,
But never was accus'd of villany;
And who but villains ſhould to racks be ſent,
For who but they deſerve ſuch puniſhment;
Was I unjuſt or rigid to the poor?
Or e'er drove needy Neighbours from my door?
Did I for gain, my Vote or Country ſell?
Did I e'er Plot, or factiouſly rebel?
Did I e'er lie for Intereſt or Spite?
Did I e'er Gazette, or Journals write?
Why then am I by partial Fate mark'd out,
To be a Martyr to this curſed Gout?
Is it to ſhew that Honeſty is vain,
That roguery and Follies are born to reign?
That Temperance itſelf can't promiſe health,
Nor Charity deſerve the Gift of Wealth?
Tho' truſted to a faithful Stewards hand,
Who ſcatters Bleſſings through a needy land;
If this be true, as ſure Experience ſhews,
Who can ſuch wond'rous Riddles e'er diſcloſe?
Old Brutus' dying Speech will Juſt be found,
Virtue is nothing but an empty ſound.

VERSES wrote by the Rake Helburton in a Fit of the Gout, January 7th 1724, three Days before he died.